

His forehead was flat and
his eyes were beady and his
cheeks were round as apples.
He looked crazy or retarded.

He was picking up a little
mexican guy while some
under-aged slut laughed
like a hyena.

I didn't like any of them.

I wanted something to smoke
but they didn't have any
pipe tobacco. All the cigars
looked bad; cheap and they
had silly names. I didn't
think I should get cigarettes.

He rang it up and gave me
back my card and I took the
bag out into the rain and
started my car and drove home.

I think it's time I got
out of Los Angeles.

GREEN SOCKS

Somehow or other
over the years
I've managed to pick up
several pairs of
green socks.

I also have my share
of orange socks
baby blue socks
and one pair of
sheer, see-through
tan socks.

I'm not crazy
about any of these
and have always pushed them
to the back of my underwear drawer
in favor of the dark blue,
dark brown and black pairs.

Of course, the blue, brown
and black socks wear out
while the green, orange and
tan socks stay like new.

I haven't bought a hell of
a lot of socks over the past

few years, and as a result, I'm running awfully low on the ones I like, the dark ones. But I always have managed to find at least a single pair to put on at any given time.

Until lately. Now, every morning, all I can find are the goddamn green socks. Every time I look at my feet, I'm in green socks.

Two weeks running, green socks every single day. People at work are beginning to think I've got a thing for green socks. Just shows how misleading appearances can be.

OVER THE HILLS TO MEXICO

A 30 year old photograph hangs over my desk. It shows my brother and me standing along the side of a movie theatre in Tijuana. We've both got on wide brimmed sombreros and leather sandals. He's six; I'm three.

The day is very hot. The sun is beating down. It must be noon as our shadows are right under us.

The sidewalk is covered with decorative tiles, and a festive design is painted around the base of the wall. Two empty cases of coke bottles are stacked up against this old movie house wall and around the corner you can see the hood and front fender of a late forties automobile and some buildings across the road with Mexican billboards painted on their crumbling old sides.

I remember the day that this picture was taken, and I